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Halcyon.

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THE ADOPTED SON — HE THINKS HE IS BIGGER THAN THE OLD MAN.



BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS FANCY.

I'LL BET that dear old Santa
Has got a lot of boys
Who love molasses candy
And pretty, painted toys!

On Christmas morn their stockings
They from the mantel pull,
With playthings overflowing,
Quaint, bright and beautiful.

They clap their hands, delighted,
And shout with feelings glad,
And never dream that Santa,
Old Santa is their Dad.

R. K. Munkittrick.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

"My love," said Diogenes, to his wife, as the curtain fell after the first act of the tragedy, "I am going out for a moment to see an honest man."

And, although her beautiful eyes said plainly: "I am onto you!" he heeded not, but went.

HIS SAGE REASON.

"You will hereafter place our advertisements in Free Silver papers exclusively," said the high-browed gentleman who had grown wealthy from the manufacture of a patent panacea.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the advertising agent, "the periodicals devoted to the cause of silver have many less readers than the papers of the other political parties."

"Yes," replied the medicine man; "but they are a great deal more credulous. In this business one fool is worth many wise men."

IN VIENNA.

FIRST CITIZEN.—And is Herr Von Pommeler a proper candidate for the Reichsrath?

SECOND CITIZEN (*impressively*).—My friend, you should see him punch the bag.

A DEFENCE.

AUNT PRISCILLA.—Sunday should be a day of rest and you spend it riding your bicycle!

GRACE.—But, Aunt, my mind would n't be at rest if I spent it any other way.

HATCHING A CONSPIRACY.

UNCLE NED.—How do you like your new steam engine?

JOHNNY.—Is n't it a dandy? I wonder if we could burst the boiler?



ACCOMPLICE.

"A stolen kiss is sweetest,"
Quoth I. "Ah, yes?" quoth she,—
"Of course, there's no objection
To an accessory?"

AT SEATTLE.
"You know," said the veteran miner, "you must expect hard lines; and, perhaps, considerable disappointment."
"Oh, that's all right!" replied the cheerful gold-seeker; "I was once an office-seeker."



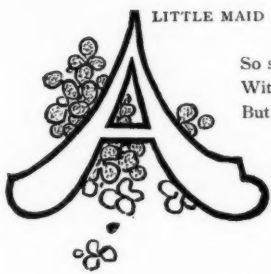
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AS A CHOICE OF MANUFACTURES.

YOUNG COHENSTEIN.—Do you peeelive in maiging Chrizmus presents?

OLD PANTSUNCOATSKI.—Vell, I subbose dere 's moneysh in dot; but I brefer to maig clodings, mineselluf!

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.



LITTLE MAID stood 'neath the Mistletoe Bough,
So sweet and fair
With a roguish air,
But her lovers to kiss her did not dare;
For, each thought to himself,
"She's a mischievous elf,
Should she say
To me, 'Nay!' Or, away
Bid me stay,

I should die, I'm sure."
So they all called to her,
"Give us a greeting for Christmas Day!"
And what do you think she answered now,
As sweet and fair,
With a roguish air
The little maid stood 'neath the Mistletoe Bough?

Standing beneath that Mistletoe Bough
With a gay surprise
In her merry eyes,
She heard her lovers' despondent sighs;
She had to think
As quick as a wink.
"I agree,"
Answered she
With glee,
To their plea.
"My greeting, then,
Is 'Good-will to men!'"
And the berries glistened above her brow,
As sweet and fair
With a roguish air,
The little maid stood 'neath the Mistletoe Bough.

Carolyn Wells.

INSTRUCTION.

JOHNNY. — And does the gas-meter measure the quantity of gas you use?
PAPA. — No, my son; — the quantity you have to pay for.

THE ALBINO (after the performance on Christmas Eve).
— The living skeleton is looking very sad to-night.
THE INDIA RUBBER MAN. — Any one would with a stocking like his to hang up.



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Instead of a row of stockings, Santa Claus will find this at the Sprocket household Christmas Eve.



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HOW IT LOOKED.

COUNT SPAGETTI. — I have come to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. I love her.
MR. COMMONSTOCK. — But what makes you think I don't?

THE REAL THING.

BESSIE. — You ought to hear the talking doll that Santa Claus brought me.
JESSIE. — You ought to hear the yelling one he brought Mama.

THE ENGAGEMENT IS OFF.

HE. — What did you get off your Christmas tree?

SHE. — A seal-skin coat and muff.

HE. — Ah! then it was a fir tree, I presume.

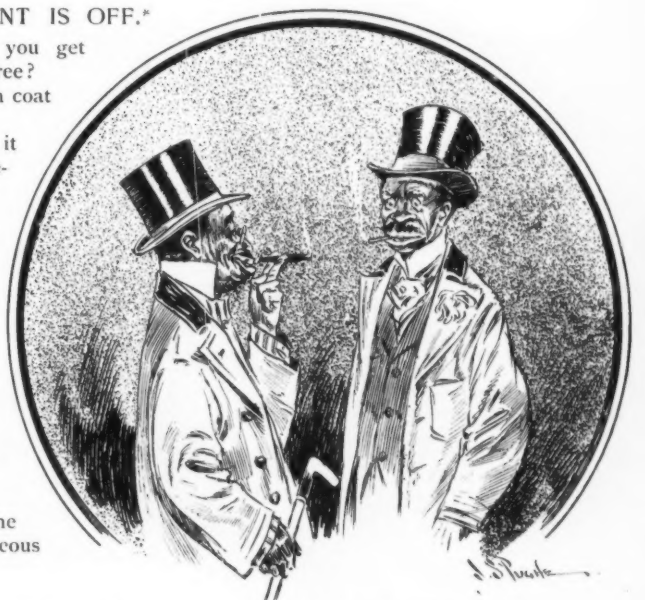
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AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.

"How did the foot-ball game impress you?"

"It looked to me like eleven simultaneous prize-fights."

ONE SOURCE of trouble is that Cupid is apt to discharge his arrows without consulting the girl's parents.



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A SWEET ONE.

SAM JOHNSING. — Yas, sah, my gal 's a high-bohn ledly, foh shuah! She is de cream ob sassiety, she is!
BEN TOMKINS. — She is, heh? Sort ob a chocolate cream, I guess.



BY WILLISTON FISH.

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IV. — RIDING AWAY.

OF COURSE men old enough to be truly fascinating will sniff at the statement, but firstclassmen at West Point are almost inaccessible to love. It is different with plebes, who no sooner look but they love; and with yearlings and secondclassmen, who are no sooner looked upon but they love; but firstclassmen are cold, as cold as Robin who sat on gude grene hill keipand a flock of fie. Indeed, it is a thing to rouse indignation to think of the flintiness of firstclassmen. They would as lief engage in the commerce of uniforms as in the commerce of love; as lief look into clouds of tobacco smoke and be sad at parting; as into sweet faces and be glad at meeting; they bear allegiance to their class, and in the last May and June no one would deliberately fall in love to steal a thought from the obligations of the time.

But Ruth Lancaster drew many youths to swerve from true fealty. Wells would have loved her for her beauty and her fashion; Hall for her grace; Gowan for her sweetness; but Ruth saw not in these good fellows the merits their mates saw. Mug Miller would have loved her because she was trim; but he, who always took it for granted that no gentle creature would care for him, was again right in his pathetic diffidence. John Shaw believed that he could love Ruth with an eternal poet's love; but then Ruth considered Shaw a poor sentimental creature. She could not bear sentiment — in Shaw. She wondered how McVay would appear if he fell into sentiment.

Many times McVay, had he given loose to his tongue, might have shown Ruth that he was not without earnestness of character; but always at these times he would cover his earnestness with a show of nonsensicalness. For McVay was fearful of putting his fortune to the touch. He could array grave reasons why he should be fearful. Ruth used to ride about the post with that stately weed Ainé, who owned a T-cart in his own right; and, Ainé being an officer, there must have been something particular in this, for unless a young woman is entirely biased, she will have to do only with cadets.

Neither young men nor young women must wear their hearts on their sleeves; yet McVay and Ruth would often talk of love — to scoff at it.

"I have no doubt that love is pleasant," said McVay one day; "but the way it is generally acted out there is so much foolishness about it."

"Not in these days."

"Oh! you don't know. There is more foolishness in love than you think. Now, 'darling' — that is a word used in love-making — and 'dearest,' 'beloved,' 'forever mine,' 'always and always yours.' If I ever have a love-affair, there will be none of these items of endearment which naturally excite animosity. There will be no looking deep into eyes, no cooing. A man ought to surpass a turtle-dove."

"But Shakspeare thought the turtle a model."

"Shakspeare did n't know anything about love; he was a civilian, and he was before my time."

"Speaking — speaking of Shakspeare, — have you a class poet?"

"Oh, yes! But our poet is named Dollett."

"Indeed! Is he a good poet?"

"He is; — there is no better between here and Haverstraw."

"How did you choose him out?"

"We did n't; we elected him. There was a controversy."

"Over the poet?"

"Oh, no! Over the hop-managers. In order to elect our hop-managers, we gave the Extreme Left the poet. The Left was then divided by faction: some considered one man the best poet, some another. In this pass Dollett was thought of, who was n't a poet at all, and it united all parties; for the other candidates, rather than be classed with Dollett, withdrew their names, and he was elected unanimously."

"What has he done since?"

"Well, Dollett is sensitive, but obtuse — like a turtle on hot ashes. He is still wondering whether his election was a joke or a triumph."

"I should have told you," said Ruth, "that Mr. Dollett is my cousin."

"Your cousin! — not your cousin?" He laughed, for Ruth laughed.

Alas! for this warped world wherein a woman will barter away respectable relatives at the rate of an epigram apiece from the man she loves. But what further evidence did McVay need to assure him of his fortune? Why, every evidence! For this blind fool Love must ever be drumming and feeling his way with his staff, fearing treasons, tricks and blank walls, when, if he would, he might break his staff into flinders, and go dancing over the primrose plain the nearest way.

"Now I see why you are sometimes with Dollett," said McVay: "I am glad to hear this. You have not another cousin — among the officers?"

Their walk brought them near the hotel hedge where lovers part. The sun was descending like a burning ingot of steel soon to have a gush of sparks struck from it by the high crest of the western granite hills; the shadows were growing out on the cool, green plain; parade was near at hand. "I hope that sometime we shall be good friends," said McVay, desperately, at parting.

"Oh! I am sure we will," replied Ruth; "you will be stationed in the East?"

"Wherever I am; this must not be local option. You should begin by knowing me. You have met my guardian, my grandfather — he is the only kinsman I have in the world —"

"The only one," said Ruth, in pity. "How lonely!"

"Yes," said McVay; "it's lonely, and I am the sad one. My grandfather is a wholesale grocer; he watches his men shovel in and nail up and truck around, and enjoys himself."

"You shall see my father in Syracuse," said Ruth. "He used to carry his business so lightly! but now he thinks of nothing else — except me; bless his heart! He insisted that we should come to West Point and carry out our plan."

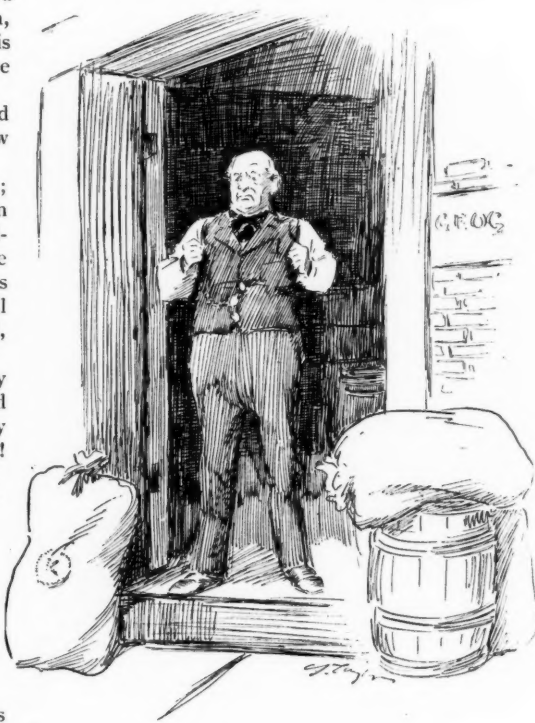
"I'll bet he's a good chap."

"He's good to me. See! He gave me this ring before I came. You do not make fun of everything, do you?"

McVay held her hand; he would have liked to swear by it ever to keep the sweet solemnities of love.

"You shall come to see us," said Ruth. "There are a great many people in Syracuse you will like to meet."

(Continued on 14th page, this number.)



PUCK.

with a wise and gentle horse and a narrow-seated buggy can appreciate the limitations of the bicycle, and will, I guess, agree with me in the belief that while the bicycle undoubtedly has its uses, it will never wholly supersede the horse.

Tom P. Morgan.

ABANDONED THE PROJECT.

"Two hearts that beat as one."

The Museum manager mused.

"Oh! well," he went on, continuing his soliloquy, "I suppose we could get up a freak like that, but she would n't be in it with the two-headed girl, anyhow."

CORRECTING AN IMPRESSION.

FRIEND.—I understand the vermiform appendix is of no use.

DOCTOR.—Nonsense! It has been a gold mine to the medical profession.

A RECEIPT.

MISS SUMMIT.—I must answer his letter, and I want to write something that does n't mean anything.

MISS PALISADE.—Why don't you tell him you love him?

SLOW PAY.

"Sir," said the gilded youth to his tailor, "I would like to get another suit. I am paying attentions to one of the richest girls—"

"Paying attentions, hey?" said the tailor, scornfully. "Well, if you are as slow paying them as you are paying me, your wedding will be chronicled as 'Another Octogenarian Married.'"

HAD TRIED IT.

HOJACK.—How did Ethel Tenspot come to marry Mr. Gilgal?

MRS. HOJACK.—She says she married him to get rid of him.

HOJACK.—It would have been cheaper for her to have lent him ten dollars.

HOW IT STRUCK HIM.

TERWILLIGER.—What is the worst feature about betting?

PETERSON.—Losing.

CONFIRMATION.

"How is your health now?"

"So so."

"I heard you were on the mend."

TWO VIEWS.

HE.—She carries her head high.

SHE.—Yes; her neck is rather long.

WORSE YET.

KIPPERLING.—Whist is played a great deal in India.

STRIPLING.—I suppose you've often played an India rubber?

PROVIDENCE IS sometimes very unkind. For instance, why else should it not be that a man lose his entire head, and not merely his head exclusive of his tongue?

GENERALLY THE man who says he is out of politics means that he has used up all he had and can't get any more.



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CROSS-EXAMINING THE EXPERT.

WAITER.—Dat Spring chicking, sah? Dat am de bes' t'ing we hab to-day.

CUSTOMER.—Gee, whiz! How do you know? Do they let you eat the whole bill of fare?

ITS LIMITATION.

"Well, no," placidly remarked good old Aunt Philenda Broadhead, in the midst of the carpet-rag sewing at Mrs. Deacon Stang's; "I don't especially condemn the bicycle—I don't see anything particularly wicked about the machine nor its use by young women; I can't say that I consider it harmful for girls to go straddling about the country on wheels, if they want to; but, on the other hand, I must confess that I think it a waste of golden hours and precious opportunities."

"To be sure, such exercise may be conducive of good health, and all that; but, having been married four times, and also passed through a few other engagements which never came to any thing, I believe I am warranted in saying that the whole of a girl's ambition is not the acquisition of health—not by a long shot, if I may be so emphatic! Anybody who has ever seen a young man and a young woman snailing along a shady lane



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AN INSINUATION.

SHE.—She intends to go abroad.

HE.—To complete her musical education?

SHE.—Well,—to begin it, I think.

WHY SANTA CLAUS STAID HOME.



IT WAS the night before Christmas. Santa Claus had been superintending the loading of the last aerial-truck with chainless bicycles. Now everything was in readiness for the annual trip to Earth. Countless loads of wheels and wheeling suits stood awaiting the word from Mr. Claus to start them downward through starry space. He entered his house, and, betaking himself to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Claus sat mending a pair of sealskin trousers, he sank wearily into the nearest chair.

"Is everything ready to start?" asked the old lady, looking at him over her steel spectacles.

"Yes, my dear," answered Santa, with a sigh; "and I'm mighty glad to be able to say so. I used to think I had a hard time of it when the children were satisfied with dolls and drums and candy-canes; but now that everyone, young and old, *must* have a bicycle, and the very latest model at that,—well, I'm about tuckered out before starting."

The old man sighed again, and looked ruefully at his waistcoat, now hanging in folds, which he used to fill out so comfortably.

"Do you know how to sew?" unexpectedly inquired his wife.

"Sew!" exclaimed Santa; "why, of course not, my dear!"

"Then, it's fully time that you did," returned the old lady,

emphatically;

"here, take this

garment and see

how well you can

patch it. For years

and years I've

staid home and

mended, Christ-

mas Eves, while

you were gallivant-

ing about the

Earth, filling dainty

hosiery and

having a good

time generally.

Now, it's my

turn to have

some of the fun,

and I'm going

to have it. Don't

prick your thumb

with the needle,

and if nothing happens

expect me

home to breakfast.

Good - by." And

Santa was alone.

For ten minutes

he sat blankly staring

at the doorway

through which his wife had vanished.

Then, as he dejectedly tried to thread the point of a needle, he

murmured: "Wonder how the old lady ever found out about the New Woman craze?"

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TRUE LOVE.

HENRY VALLERBY.—Aftah we's married, we'll hab chicken foh dinnah eberv day, Honey.

MELINDA JOHNSON.—Oh, yo' deary! But I would n't ask yo' to run no sich risks foh mah sake.

Wallace Dunbar Vincent.

COLD COMFORT IN THE KLONDIKE.

DAWSON DAVE.—We're purty hard up for vittles here in the Klondike; but we ain't the only nugget in the claim.

JUNEAU JAKE.—We ain't? Where do you find the others?

DAWSON DAVE.—Why, I found an old paper, and I've been readin' a piece about the Raines law. You may not believe it, but I guess it's true that right in New York City the people are so destitute that they call a little sandwich, an inch square, a full meal.

A FORCED SALE.

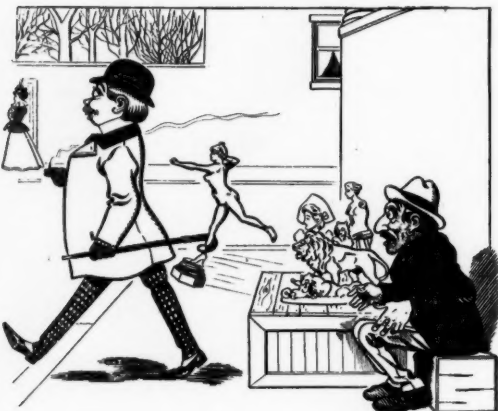
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ITALIAN VENDER.—Me no sella nottings to-day.



"Ah! me seea the way. Maka th' Diana standa here!"



CHOLLY.—Ah! there goes Miss Darling. I guess I'll give chase.



ITALIAN VENDER.—Police! Police! Stopa th' thief! He breaka my Diana!



OFFICER.—Certainly, you'll hov' t' pay th' mon fer it, else O'll lock yez up. Oi don't care whether it was an accident or not. I saw yez do it wid me own eyes.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE HABIT OF HASTY SHOOTING. SYLVESTER JOHNSON, of Nelson County, Kentucky, is a gentleman with a taste for innovation. We do not know just how his departure from established custom will impress the rank and file of Kentucky citizens, but, at least, it so met the approval of the Governor of that State as to move him to release Mr. Johnson from a distressing position. Mr. Johnson had been fined and sent to jail for engaging in a fist-fight. An affair so novel in Kentucky naturally reached the Governor's notice, and he promptly turned Mr. Johnson loose. The reason given for this act of executive clemency was that "the offense was rare and the manner of fighting unusual in this State." It should not be hastily concluded that Governor Bradley aims to promote fist-fighting. He seems to have intended, rather, to strike at a belief peculiar to the South, that no logical formula is complete without a firearm of some sort in good working order, and that a finger quick on the trigger is an essential in the proper settlement of social or political differences. We should say that this is a move in the right direction. Long strings of prominent citizens are killed off in the South each year, from what seems at this distance to be insufficient provocation. A substitution of fists for firearms in these affairs would not only induce a healthful interest in athletics and permit the normal growth of Democratic majorities, but it would mark a very plain advance of civilization. Governor Bradley is to be applauded for his ingenuity in launching this suggestion.

SOME CIVIL SERVICE TALK. THE ENEMIES of Civil Service Reform have the coyote's gift of voice, which enables a pack of three or four of them to raise a din that suggests ten times their number. Representative Grosvenor affirms so persistently and so fervidly that the people are opposed to Civil Service Reform that he might

find believers occasionally if he did not from time to time betray his own insincerity. After making his usual declaration on the opening day of Congress, that the people are tired of the system, he asserted further that, if the House could take a secret ballot so that the members could hide their action, they would "bury Civil Service Reform alive." Thus do we see anew that "men are but children of a larger growth," and that Mr. Grosvenor himself has not grown so very large. We don't know how his fellow members of the House enjoyed being called cowards and sneaks so openly. Perhaps they felt that he spoke the truth. At any rate, this champion of official pillage robbed his own sails of their wind when he made that comment. To declare that the people are opposed to Civil Service Reform but that Congress fears to repeal the law because it fears the people's wrath is to uncover a sad mental disorder. There is no cause for alarm, even if it be true that the certainty of public disapproval is all that prevents Congress from reimposing the spoils system upon the country. Congressmen would perhaps do many things they don't do, for private and party gain, if they were not held individually accountable by a watchful constituency. A study of our history and institutions might disclose to Mr. Grosvenor that a notion of this sort has been an important factor in the making of our government; and that to dwell upon what might be if this were not a government by the people is a waste of time.

OUR NEW CITY. THE BARE, official act of uniting two large cities and several small ones is a simple matter of legislation.

To bring about a real unity of interests is not so simple. There is the local pride of old New York and the local pride of Brooklyn; the local pride of Mt. St. Vincent, and the local pride of Tottenville. Each is intense and more or less haughty, and a reconciliation of them all will not come in a day. Harlem must learn to feel a community of interest with Williamsburg, and the heart of Flushing must learn to beat in unison with that of Westchester county. The whole 360 square miles of local and conflicting interests must be harmonized, and this can only come by growth. In the meantime we may expect "growing pains" and a certain show of temper from the communities involved. Each will expect to gain more than it gives up, which is a situation fruitful of distrust and discord. To allay this spirit will require concessions all around. Brooklyn is showing a perhaps natural tendency to the belief that the new city is to be a Greater Brooklyn; and that the glory of being thus annexed ought to exalt every citizen of old New York above so mundane and debt-breeding a thing as rapid transit. The farmers around Jamaica, also, doubtless consider any talk of improving transit facilities on Manhattan Island as revolutionary and menacing to their tax-rate. The Act of Consolidation, however, has not altered physical conditions. A trip from one end of Manhattan Island to the other still discovers transit systems burdened beyond the limits of ordinary safety; and the need for relief is quite as urgent as the need of one of the smaller communities may be for a new fire trumpet or a new lock-up. A recognition of these differing conditions will soften many asperities, avoid much bickering, and help the growth of a proper pride in the second city of the world.

WINTER IN N. J.



WITHOUT is the brown bird joyfully cheeping
His jubilant note on the drift of snow,
And the shaft of sunshine is vividly peeping
Through the frosted pane with a cheery glow.

The hickory crackles and flames and sparkles,
And the cricket fifies on the hearth away;
And the shadow that dances and glooms and darkles
With the spirit of Summer is blithe and gay.

Oh! the shutters shake, for the wind's a drummer
That rattles them swift with a fancy free;
While, a tremulous song of the golden Summer,
The mosquito sings in the Christmas tree.

R. K. Munkittrick.

KNEW HIS WEAKNESS.

RED RUBE.—What's th' Sheriff keepin' sech a close eye on Broncho Mike fer?

CAYUSE CAL.—Oh! Mike drew a p'ar 'f spurs as his gift off'n th' Chris'mus tree at Red Dog Chapel, an', nacherally, he'll feel oneasy ontill he steals a hoss t' go with 'em.

THE WEEK AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Do we *exchange presents* at our house? I guess
You'd better believe that the answer is *yes*!
For days Ma's been out with her gifts, and I bet
She is n't half through with *exchanging* them yet!

IT USED to be thought that the way to insure peace was to prepare for war; but since the affair of the christening of the battleship Kentucky, there seems to be some doubt about it.

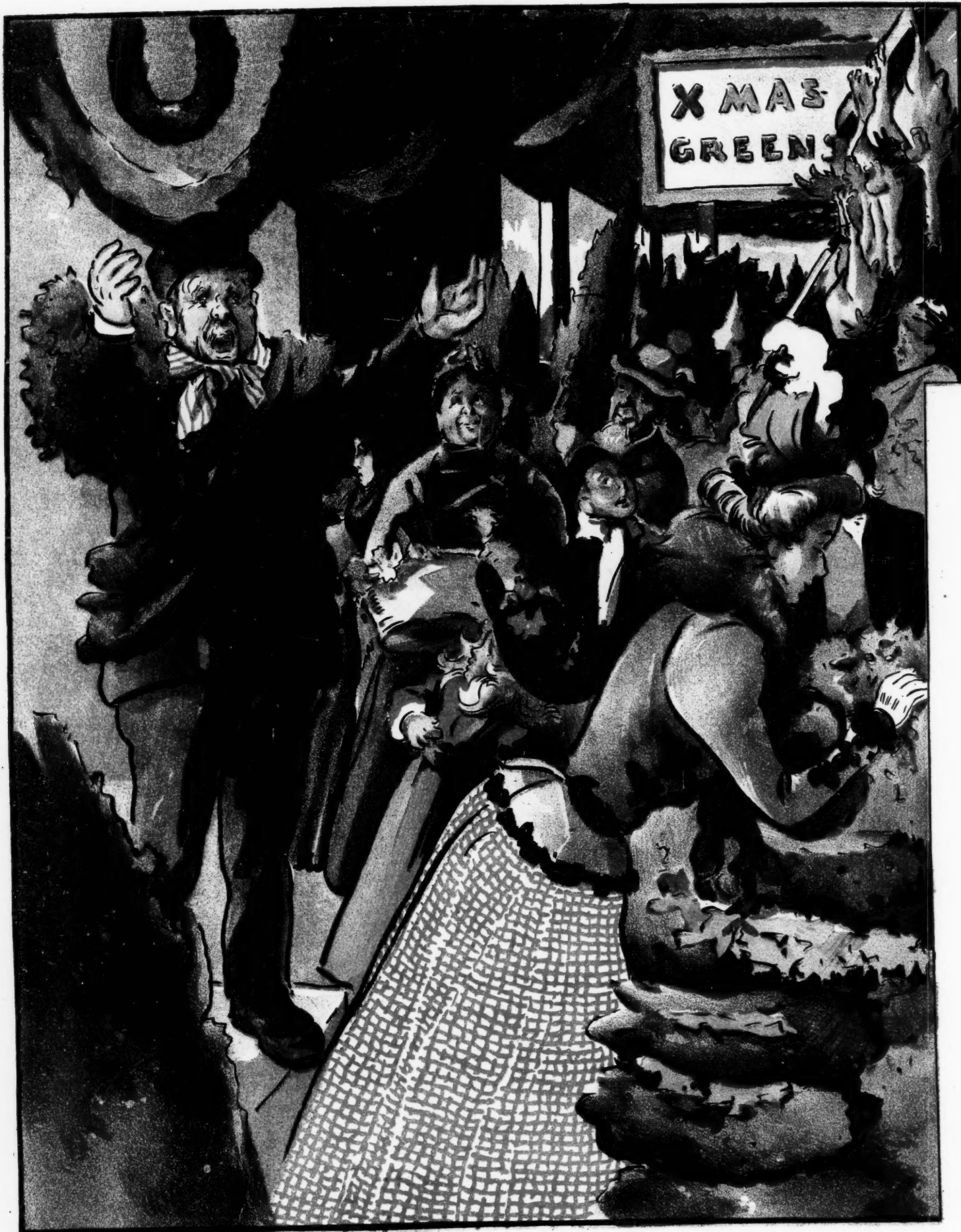


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HE KNEW DIFFERENT.

RUBE HAY.—An article's worth what the owner kin git fer it.

HIRAM WHIFFLE.—I guess yew never bought a gold brick, did yew?



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Now's the
Twinin'
Finn up the
Statin' pa
Here's a star
He's the
Supin' buy
Her leav

Her
This
H
Shan
Noth
S

Sm make
Tupins
Shesellin'
Hey, lig
Go look t
Len to th
Wh's the
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Buy
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All childre
The peop
Fare lugg
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He the thi
It's the
How goin
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GREENS TO SELL.

Now 's THE time the market men are crowdin' on the trimmin' —
Twinin' all along the stalls the pine an' cedar sprigs:
Fixin' up their places like a lot of fancy women! —
Stakin' paper roses all around the roastin' pigs!
Hees a stand that need n't trim, for trimmin' 's what it 's sellin';
Hee 's the place to show you what a Christmas really means.
Stoppin' buy, an' never mind the other fellers' yellin',
Beer leave your turkey than forget your holly greens!

*Here 's your place for holly, now!
Thick and heavy, ev'ry bough!
Holly full of berries ain't the sort that 's easy beat!
Shake it up, and pick it out!
Nothin' better all about!
Stop and get your holly at the foot of Vesey Street!*

Stoppin' make you smack your lips is crowdin' 'round the Market;
Trapins an' celery an' partridges an' cheese;
She sellin' on its smell, without a man to bark it,
Hey, light an' bright an' clear as ever left the bees!
Go look the Market through, believin' all they tell you,
Lan to the shoutin', then come back and let me know:
Wh' 's the stand an' where 's the man that 's ever goin' to sell you
Seter stuff than what you get below the mistletoe?

*Buy it now before you go!
Here 's your place for mistletoe!
Kissin' girls at Christmas ain't a sport that 's easy beat!
Nothin' pleases ladies more:
Hang it over ev'ry door!
Mistletoe is sellin' at the foot of Vesey Street!*

All children crowdin' by are countin' up their wishes,
The people, old an' young, are thinkin' what they 'll give;
For euggin' toys an' lamps an' ducks an' books an' dishes,
An' presents keeps 'em warm and makes 'em glad to live!
Hee the thing your folks at home 'll want you most to bring 'em;
Hee 's the sight the children will be wishin' most to see!
How goin' to give your things without a place to string 'em?
A minute, now, for pickin' out your Christmas tree!

*Christmas Day is comin' fast!
Get your trimmin's while they last!
Trees so fresh and solid ain't the sort of trees you beat!
Stop and buy before you go!
Holly, here, and mistletoe!
Get your Christmas trimmin's at the foot of Vesey Street.*
H. A. Crowell.



THE LATE MR. CUDDIHAY.



"PEAKING OF CHRISTMAS," began Alkali Ike, in a reminiscent tone, "reminds me of the case of Cat-hop Cuddihay, who departed this life in an impromptu manner and the middle of the forenoon of the day before Christmas, some five years back of now.

"At the time, it was generally reckoned that he was dead. Preparations were made for burying him; and, even yere in Oklahoma, which prides itself on its progressiveness, it hain't customary to bury a gent until he is good and dead. Dr. Slade pronounced him dead from certain Latin causes. The *Weekly Bazoo*, which came out in the afternoon, announced his demise. Sog Johnson, who shared the deceased's bachelor quarters, havin' resorted to strong waters to drown his sorrow, gave the corpse's clothes to a shuckless gent who needed 'em. Everything, includin' the visit of the undertaker, went to prove that Cat-hop had become the late Mr. Cuddihay.

"Me and Sog Johnson and Long Hoon assembled to set up with the body that night, and, directly, to break the monotony, got into a friendly game of cut-throat. Me and Sog, workin' in harmony, similar to Damon and Pythias, were fraternally skinnin' Brother Hoon out of his eye-teeth, to the soothin' accompaniment of the chants of the glee club which was takin' part in the Christmas Eve entertainment in the hall jest across the street—altogether, it was as peaceful a scene as you 'most ever witnessed, till the corpse came in from the next room whur he had been lyin' in state, clad only in his shroud and the hat which Johnson had forgotten to give away, and inquired whur in the by-gosh-ination his pantyloons were at.

"Nacher'l enough, we went unanimously under the table. Then, when the corpse repeated his inquiry, us three gents riz and poured out into the night mighty hookaloy. I don't reckon we could have been caught with bloodhounds as we flew for the Christmas-tree celebration across the street, with the late Mr. Cuddihay follerin' after. We wanted human companionship, and we wanted it powerful bad! When we rushed in whur the little sacks of gutty-perchy gumdrops and plaster-paris lozenges, of the kind that make green graveyards, were bein' dealt out to the children, and the corpse swarmed in after us, roarin' for his pants, the merry-makers arose in one voice and stampeded through the windows.

"It was right next to noon on Christmas Day before Cat-hop got his garments back, after havin' to fight for 'em. Later, after havin' taken a fall out of the gent who had dug his grave and wanted pay for it, Cuddihay peroozed his obituary in the *Bazoo*, and then invaded the office. The editor was away, and in his chair was a high-browed young genius who was sufferin' from his first attack of journalism.

"Cuddihay wanted the mistake corrected. The genius informed him that the last act of the departin' editor had been to p'int his finger at the placard on the wall which boldly announced that the *Bazoo* never corrected anything—the *Bazoo* never made mistakes. Cat-hop 'lowed it had done so that time; but the genius argied that, the paper havin' said so, thar was no way around it. Tharupon, Cuddihay shucked his coat and reckoned he could prove his claim to bein' alive. The genius could n't correct the error without losin' his job, but he promised to do the next best thing—he would restore the deceased to life by announcin' his birth. The visitor could n't



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STOLE THE SANTA CLAUS SUIT.

FROSTED FAGIN.—Say! Bill yer a sight in dat Klondike suit! W'ere did yer get it?

WEARY WILLY.—Don't say a word!—I broke inter de First Baptist Church de night before Christmas.

see it at first, but the journalist finally convinced him that that would make it even, and then promised to throw in, by way of good measure, a few compliments, and make mention of certain property that Cuddihay wanted to swap. Accordin' to promise, the next issue of the *Bazoo* contained this announcement:

"BORN, DEC. 24, AT 9:45 P. M., our esteemed friend and fellow-townsmen, Cat-hop Cuddihay. Mr. Cuddihay is well and favorably known as the gentleman who broke the faro-bank at Rocket City last month. He also has a gentle, well-broken cow-pony to trade for almost anything."

"Havin' been thus restored to life, it was nacher'ly expected that he would stay so; but the next day the gentle, well-broken cow-pony r'ared up and fell on him, breakin' his back in two places between noon and the Occidental Hotel, and also killin' him again. So far as I have ever heard sincé, he is still dead."

Tom P. Morgan.

ONE VIEW.

"Do you consider foot-ball brutal?"

"Well, I think if it were a Spanish institution it would have very few American defenders."

WHOM THE gods would destroy they first permit to be nominated for office.



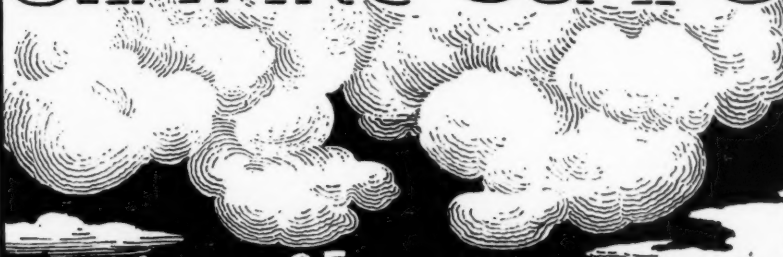
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A MATTER OF CONJECTURE.

SHE.—She feels hurt because she has heard that you said she was no chicken.

HE.—Oh! I wonder if the average young lady would consider it a compliment to be called chicken?

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS



MAKE CLOUDS OF THICK CREAMY LATHER

THE ONLY KIND THAT WILL THOROUGHLY SOFTEN THE BEARD-SOOTHEN AND REFRESH THE FACE-AND MAKE SHAVING A POSITIVE LUXURY.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS-In forms best adapted to different tastes and uses, sold everywhere.



Luxury Shaving Tablet
25 cents.

Round-"just fits the cup." Delicate perfume



"Genuine Yankee" Soap.
10 cents

Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world.



Williams' Shaving Stick
25 cents.



Williams' Shaving Soap
Barbers
This is the kind your barber should use. Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath used in thousands of the best families. Rare cure for "chapped hands." 8 cakes in a package-in even a trial sample for a 2 cent stamp.

NOTE-If your dealer fails to supply you-we mail these soaps to any address-prepaid-on receipt of price

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.

LONDON: 84 GREAT RUSSELL ST., E.C. 1, SYDNEY: 101 CLARENDON ST.

Williams' Exquisite "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 15 cents

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by W. D. & H. O. WILLS of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands.

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.



9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.
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SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open
market, and have submitted samples so obtained to
careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL un-
adulterated by admixture with any other oil or
other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all
other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR
QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

A. R. Ledoux *proprietor*

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

MANY a loud amen is nothing more than a brag by the man who makes it.—*Ram's Horn*.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over
any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED
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A. C. MCCLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

BROWN BROS., Ltd., 69 King Street, Toronto.



ANOTHER HOWL.

"What's Old Calamity howling about now?"

"Because he can't get as much for wheat here as they are paying at the Klondike."—*Detroit Free Press*.

No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of *Dr. J. G. B. Siegel & Sons' Angostura Bitters*, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

THE man who jumps at conclusions may be recognized by his having his overcoat half on before the end of the benediction.—*Ram's Horn*.

As an extra dry wine there is no superior to *Cook's Imperial Champagne*. It's a very dry wine with a high flavor.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"What do you consider the greatest achievements of the century?" inquired the philosopher.

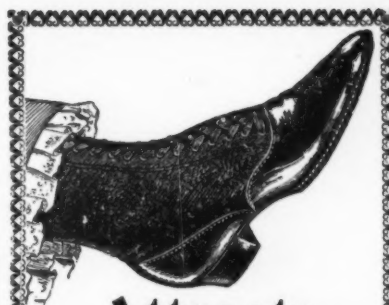
And, after some thought, the man who wears bicycle medals, replied:

"The last ten or twelve miles."—*Washington Star*.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS.

PAPER WAREHOUSE.

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



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VICI

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IMPORTED INTO THE U.S. SINCE 1831.

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An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

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AND SHE WAS N'T.

HE.—You look sweet enough to kiss, in that dress.
SHE.—My dressmaker told me she did n't think I'd be disappointed in it.

A PRAYER FOR EUROPE.

I.
HAVE PITY on the German hordes
That dwell across the Rhine,
And keep them to their simple tasks,
Their mimic war and wine;
Let fires of counsel light their path
And shine their way before,
Let demons never tempt their feet
Upon the Yankee shore!

II.
Have pity on the Spanish dons
Who battle here alone
To keep a foothold on the soil
That once was all their own;
Grant them restraint from cruel deeds
And peace the waters o'er,
And keep their galleys from the line
That marks the Yankee shore.

IV.
Remember him who sits to-day
Where star and crescent toss,
Nor heeds reproof when human blood
Lies spattered on a Cross.
Grant Europe eyes to see the crime
That lies at Europe's door,
Ere yet with boastful voice she calls
Along the Yankee shore.

III.
Have pity on the English clans
That frown the world to-day,
Their soldiers brave, their women bright,
Their castles hoar and gray;
Keep them from idle, foolish dreams
Of strife with kin once more—
The sky is filled with Hessian ghosts,
Above the Yankee shore!

V.
Image of Janus, none we seek
Upon the battle plain;
Our swords are hidden long from sight,
Our cannons rust again,
Welcome we give to hands that come
The wine of peace to pour,—
But, if with scabbards, there are graves
Along the Yankee shore!

John James Meehan.

SEEMS TO COVER IT.

HOJACK.—Give me a paraphrase of "All is fair in love and war."
TOMDIK.—The tactics permissible in courtship are equally allowable after marriage.

SCENE FROM THE OPERA BOUFFE,
"THE RIVAL FISHERMEN OF BEHRING SEA."
(A London dispatch reports Lord Salisbury as surprised that Mr. Sherman should have expressed any surprise at England's refusal to admit Russia and Japan to the Sealing Conference.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
LORD SALISBURY, FIRST FISHERMAN.
MR. SHERMAN, SECOND FISHERMAN.
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, ASSISTANT TO FIRST FISHERMAN.
JACK FOSTER, ASSISTANTS TO SECOND FISHERMAN.
HAY,
DAY,

MR. SHERMAN.—My Lord, I am surprised!
LORD SALISBURY.—Mr. Sherman, I am surprised that you are surprised!
MR. SHERMAN.—Day, ain't you surprised?
DAY.—Never more surprised in my life, Boss!
HAY.—Me, too!
LORD SALISBURY.—Joe, ain't you surprised?
JOE CHAMBERLAIN.—Surprised is no name for it, my Lord.
MR. SHERMAN.—How is it with you, Jack—ain't you surprised?
JACK FOSTER.—Er—yes—er—that is, oh! yes; very much surprised!
MR. SHERMAN.—Well, you don't look as if you were surprised!
MR. FOSTER.—Boss, I'll swear I'm surprised if you are surprised.
MR. SHERMAN.—Then, damn it, man! try to look surprised.
CONJUGATING CHORUS.—
I am surprised.
Thou art surprised.
He is surprised.
We are all surprised.
You are all surprised.
They are all surprised.

(Exeunt omnes.)

A MORE IMPORTANT FACTOR.

LORD BARRENHURST.—You must bear in mind, Gwendolen, that we of the nobility must do nothing unworthy of the deeds of our ancestors.
LADY BARRENHURST (née Gotrox, of New York).—Deeds of your ancestors? Indeed! How'd you live if it was n't for the mortgages of mine?



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CRUEL FATE.

VISITOR TO JAIL.—And how did you get here?
CONFIDENCE MAN.—They gave me five years just for attending to my business.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one
of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.
Our name spells —

S-O-H-M-E-R

New York Warerooms, 149-155 East 14th St.
Will remove to new **SOHMER BUILDING**,
170 Fifth Ave., cor. 22nd St., about February.



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The Standard Underwear of the World

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of one standard quality, producing the fin-
est and softest undergarments. Beware of imitations! The
genuine have



**DR. JAEGER'S
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UPON THEM.**

These garments can be made
to order if desired. Explana-
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The Best Pens Made.

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THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
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ESTABLISHED 1883.

Real German Lager Beer

MADE OF

Finest Hops and Barley-Malt Exclusively
AND FREE FROM ALL CHEMICALS.

Consequently

PURE, WHOLESOME, DELICIOUS.
The Best Beverage for Healthy and Sick.

Light Beer, \$1.25; Dark Beer, \$1.50;
24 Bottles. Delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey
City and Hoboken. Also in Kegs.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50
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by express, prepaid east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
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212 State St., Chicago.



A BUTTON HOOK

For Link Cuff Buttons.
—EARL CUFF BUTTONER.—Puts
link buttons into cuffs. For men
and women. New and useful
Christmas gift. All stores or by
mail, nickel 10 cents, sterling 75
cents. Rand Bros., Equitable
Building, Boston, Mass.

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in
10 to 20 days. No pay till
cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens,
Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.

DECLARING HIM-
SELF.

"Do you like the
hat?" as she turned it
slowly on the pink tips
of her fingers.

"More than I can
tell; but I love its dar-
ling little owner."

"How sweet! It
belongs to sister. I'll
call her." — *Detroit
Free Press.*

"Is Hawaii to be a
State, or merely a ter-
ritory?"

"Both, I guess.
Sort of territory in a
state of suspense." —
Harper's Bazar.

WHEN two brothers
marry girls in the same
family it is a sign that
if there are many more
girls in the family,
they are worth going
after. — *Atchison Globe.*

Somerset Club

Absolutely

Pure.

Very Old.

Delicious

Flavor.

Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no
superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and
Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers.
Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents
for shipping charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

WOBBLESON.—I
can't find a match to
light my cigar.

CADDLEBY.—Why
don't you light the
gas, stupid? — *Rox-
bury Gazette.*

A MAINE man kissed
a girl and caught
the measles. Various
papers will now argue
that kissing is wrong;
but why should n't
measles come in for
some of the condem-
nation? — *Washington
Capital.*

SOME people are
like weeds: always
showing up where
they are not wanted.
— *Atchison Globe.*

Too much silence
is mixed with words.
— *West Union Gazette.*



NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

KELLY (reading).—It takes ten million lire a year to support the Vatican.

RILEY.—Oi'tink thot's a dom lie; but if they confess regular whose business is ut!

Nervous? TRY

VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

The Ideal French Tonic
FOR BODY AND BRAIN

Since 1863, Endorsed by Medical Faculty

immediate lasting efficacious agreeable

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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used
in their manufacture, it being fine grained and
elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown
by the careful grinding which leaves the pens
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and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
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RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI Angostura Bark Bitters

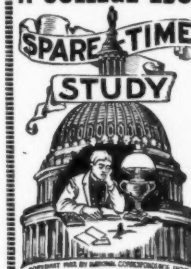
Best of all Cocktail or
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5 Bottle of this is equivalent
to a bottle of the best of
the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle
2 of most of the others.

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durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at
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in fine clothes when your
complexion is bad? Better see JOHN H.
WOODBURY, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. Use Woodbury's
Facial Soap. 132 P. Beauty Book for 2-cent stamp.

Throw out those nasty doses. Abbott's Original
Angostura Bitters is a tasty tonic that tones. Take
only Abbott's—the genuine.

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EVANS' ALE

Will coax you into good humor
and make you contented.

EVANS' ALE

Is not a medicine—better still—
a good old ale.

EVANS' ALE

Brilliant and clear to the
last drop.

EVANS' ALE

Contains only what exists in the
legitimate materials of malt and
hops from which it is brewed.
Everywhere.



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WESSON**

REVOLVERS. Good
nerves and a good

revolver make a good shot.

We have the Revolver.

SMITH & WESSON,
8 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass

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Men's Furnishings.

Neckwear, Silk Handkerchiefs, Mufflers,

Shirts, Pajamas, Bath Wraps,

Smoking Jackets, Umbrellas, Gloves.

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General Debility and Loss of Flesh

Scott's Emulsion has been the
standard remedy for nearly a
quarter of a century. Physicians
readily admit that they obtain re-
sults from it that they cannot get
from any other flesh-forming food.

There are many other prepara-
tions on the market that pretend
to do what

SCOTT'S EMULSION

does, but they fail to perform it.
The pure Norwegian Cod-liver Oil
made into a delightful cream, skill-
fully blended with the Hypophos-
phites of Lime and Soda, which
are such valuable tonics,
makes this preparation an
ideal one and checks the
wasting tendency, and the
patient almost immedi-
ately commences to put on
flesh and gain a strength
which surprises them.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the
man and fish are on the wrapper.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

ELECTRICAL

Bicycle, and Photo. Novelties,
low prices, 100 page cat. FREE
H. E. CO., 82 Cortland St., N. Y.

SHORT RATIONS.

(Continued from 4th page.)

"If there are not a great many people I will not come. Why could I not have danced the graduating ball with you?"

"Of course that was promised to Mr. Ainé before I came."

"Well, I suppose any one else would have been as bad — only it might not have seemed so."

"I have reason to be glad that he is a very nice fellow. But there — there is the drum!"

"It is the nightingale and not the drum. May I see the ring again? I want to get one like it for my sister."

"Certainly you shall, indeed!" cried Ruth, much moved. "That was pretty that you quoted: 'It is the nightingale.'"

"But it was for little *Juliet* to say. I had no business saying it. A nice ring." He dropped her hand, slowly, and sped away.

Ruth watched him till he was hidden by the trees; she was recalling what he had said. She remembered that he wished to get a ring for his sister; but he had no sister. She blushed to think how easily she had let herself be deceived.

A messenger brought a note to the barracks and left it on the newel-post at the foot of the iron stairs. There it lay while cadets studied and worried and waited for inspection and smoked and told stories. At nine a plebe sentinel going swashingly to plebes' doors in the cock-loft to say, brashly, "All right?" admiringly to yearlings' doors, fearfully to second-classmen's doors, and in awe to first-classmen's doors to inquire, "All right, sir?" paused to tell McVay

there was a note for him below. McVay told the sentry to walk beneath the stairs a bit, and in his dressing-gown he descended and got his letter.

My dear Mr. McVay: — We go home this evening. If you can come to the hotel before 7:30, I would like to say something more about your stopping at Syracuse, if it is really in your line of march.

Very hastily, Ruth Lancaster.

"Is it any of my business?" asked Shaw.

"Miss Lancaster has gone home."

"But we are to stop there?" Shaw said "we."

McVay could not, in keeping with his reputation, wear a serious face; and he continued to wear a light one and to say, "What, though?" But he longed to be on horseback and away. He looked often at the road stretching away from the post, and thought of the first clatter of the horses' feet. For he and Shaw had planned to ride horseback into the West.

After the ceremonies of graduation, McVay and Shaw returned to their quarters, and sat down, in a pretence that the days were unchanged. While they were talking of usual matters, as if waiting, as of old, for endless time to pass, McVay turned his head on his swivel-like neck, and said, with audacity: "Let's leave this place!" They rose. McVay raised his yellow arm-chair, and, bringing it down upon the floor, wrecked it forever.

They descended once more by the old iron stairs, and went out through the sally port to the front of barracks, where they found their horses in charge of a soldier orderly, and surrounded by a group of under classmen gathered to see their heroes off, and to look upon the always wonderful, incredible spectacle of cadets become free.

They exchanged adieux with their friends, and gave each some wise

admonition, partaking of affection moderated by a manly proportion of satire. They mounted easily to their saddles, their horses moved strongly under them, and they felt the spring of the stirrups. Even in their own exhilaration they were sensible of the courage that each cadet in the group was silently taking to carry himself through to such a glorious end.

"It will be your turn next," said Shaw. "It's not long." And for the thought of them, and the long waiting before them, the cadets cheered.

"And you have no idea," said McVay, "how fast time goes. If we don't hurry, some plebe will graduate and catch us before we get off the post." And they struck spurs to their horses, that leaped into a wild run. The cheers of the cadets grew faint in the distance, then they were so faint as to be hardly more than a memory; and Shaw and McVay swept around the turn above the river — and West Point and the years of it were left behind.

They were at last in the world; everything was theirs to enjoy! They took possession of the freshest of June days, of the sweet wind, of the shining, winding, mysteriously inviting road, of the hills that had been their prison, but that, now repenting, opened into easy valley-ways.

As they galloped along:

"We'll have a good time in Syracuse," said Shaw.

McVay turned to the chatterer. "I believe I am in love, Shaw." Then Shaw knew that he himself was not in love, and he wished his friend success.

Ruth had gone home to find that her father had lost his fortune. The family residence, one of the fine places of the city, had been sold, and her father had established himself in a smaller house. Ruth set about making it homelike. It was not the prosperous home to which she had invited McVay, and she wondered that she still wished him to come.

Ruth had much on her mind in these days. In her uncle's family there was a matter that had occupied some of her attention: her cousin, Maud Lancaster, who, when she once visited West Point, had been fickle with all the cadets and constant to Ainé only, was now to wed him.

One day Ainé and the fickle-constant cousin were married. The afternoon of that day McVay and Shaw rode into the little city and went to a hotel.

"After dinner," said Shaw, "you shall go to the Lancasters alone; but get back in time to play me a game of billiards."

They sat at the table, and, while waiting for their dinner-order, they read the local papers with a fine sense of freedom. McVay had a long leg thrust out. He suddenly drew himself together, looked again at the paper, and turned away. His face became fixed, and his eyes looked straight before him.

"What is the matter? Why, Mack, what is the matter?"

McVay began to crumple the paper in his hand. Then he smoothed it with a motion and turned the sheet to Shaw. With a stiff gesture he pointed to a column. It bore in capitals the head-line:

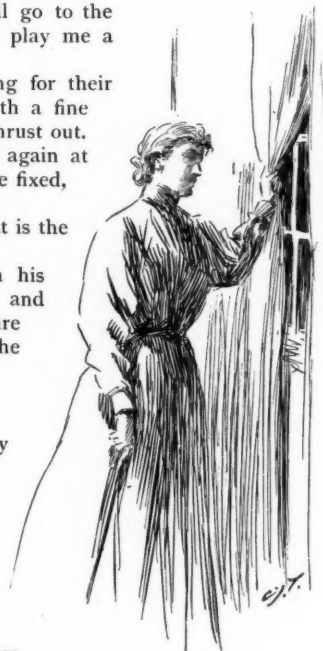
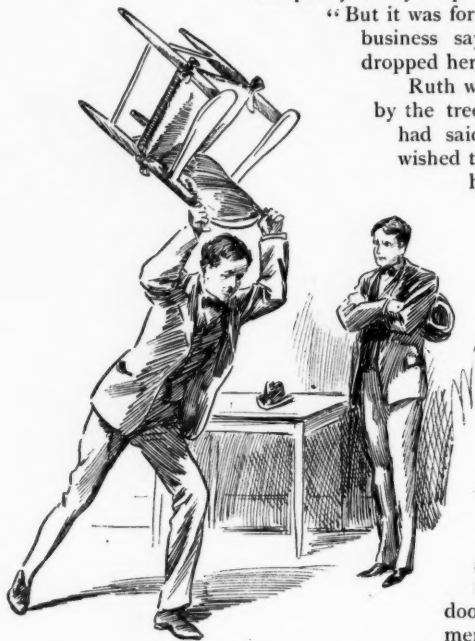
AINÉ-LANCASTER WEDDING;

And with these words Shaw caught, as McVay had caught, a glimpse of phrases in the article below: "brilliant event," "distinguished guests," "flowers and music;" and as McVay had had no heart to read after the first cruel glance, so Shaw, in sorrow for his friend, read no more. The two young men presently left the table with the paper lying upon it.

"I suppose I was a fool, John," said McVay, when they were in their rooms; "but I am not ashamed. She is the same to me."

Early the next morning they rode away.

After the wedding, Ruth went back to the cares of the little home. When McVay was riding away she said: "He will come to-day;" and when night had drawn on, and the hour was late, she was happy thinking of the morrow.



AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

THE CIRCASSIAN PRINCESS.—Are you ready to go home?

THE TWO-HEADED GIRL.—Wait a minute. Are my hats on straight?

THE EARTH goes round, but it would not go round if divided up among all the parties who want it.

IN THE SAME BOAT.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, is there really "honor among thieves?"

MR. CALLIPERS.—No, my son; thieves are just as bad as other people.

FOOLS RUSH in where angels fear to tread; sometimes angels put up for the fools, but that is another story.

CAN AFFORD TO ADMIT IT NOW.

CHICAGOAN.—Yes, sir; thirty years ago Chicago was a small place.

FRIEND.—Yes; but I suppose it would n't have been safe to say so then.

NOW IF a woman had the faith to move mountains, she would probably be just as excited and hysterical as if they were a load of furniture.

Yale Mixture
A Gentleman's Smoke

A CASE IN POINT.

"Sometimes a matter of little or no real consequence will cause an immense amount of trouble," said the moralist.

"Deed, dat 's de troof," remarked Erastus Pinkley, who overheard him. "Ef dese folks 'ud be satisfy ter gib up de money wile-out makin' us write-policy slips, we would n't hab near de trouble wif de police."—*Washington Star*.

THEY DON'T COUNT.

"How many children have you?" asked a constituent of his congressman.

"One."
"My wife told me that you had three."
"Oh, yes! There's the twins; but they're paired, you know."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Now that the weather is cool enough for the people to sleep, they are beginning to stay up nights to play whist. —*Atchison Globe*.



THE COOK & BERNHEIMER CO., New York.
Sole Agents for the United States.

EASILY IDENTIFIED.

MR. SUBUBB. — Where on earth is our hired man? I can't find him anywhere.

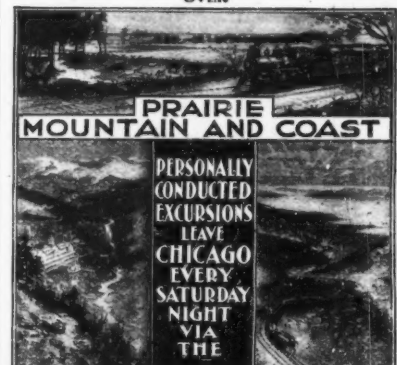
MRS. SUBUBB. — There is somebody over in Farmer Hayseed's meadow, but I can't tell whether it's our man or not.
"Is he standing up or sitting down?"
"Standing."
"It is n't our man."
—*New York Weekly*.

"SAM did n't mean to insult you by sayin' your talk wuz soporific, Weary," said the peacemaker in rags, persuasively. "Dat ain't got nothin' ter do with soap."

"What does it mean then?" growled the grumpy one.
"Hittin' de pipe. Now, do yer know a compliment when yer see it?" —*Washington Capital*.

WHEN a man goes crazy, his wife is the first to know it, and the last to admit it. —*Atchison Globe*.

THE MIDLAND ROUTE THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPING CARS TO CALIFORNIA



CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY
THROUGH OMAHA LINCOLN COLORADO SPRINGS SALT LAKE CITY AND OGDEN.
SLEEPING CAR BERTH RATE ONLY \$6.00
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO NEAREST TICKET OFFICE OR ADDRESS
GEO. HILLIARD, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, OLD COLONY BLDG. CHICAGO
A. C. BIRD, General Traffic Manager, Chicago.



SAGE ADVICE.

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GUSSIE. — Bah Jove! Willy, where yeh going?
WILLY. — Bah Jove! Gussie, I've a double engagement — first, I'm going aound and awsk old Crimsonbeak faw his daughtah's hand, and then I'm going aound and get some photos taken.
GUSSIE. — Bah Jove! Willy, take a dawn fool's advice, and get your photos taken first, yeh know!

MIGHT TEAR IT.

IKKY. — You had a good chance to hit de ball, but missed it. Vy don't you?

MOSES (who has just struck out). — Vat 's de use? De ball vas mine. — *Princeton Tiger*.

"I'm not surprised that this man Perkins has become an explorer," said Mrs. Brown, as she looked over the Sunday edition of the *Petersville Gazette*. "Here's a photograph, called 'The Explorer Perkins at Home,' and he's sitting on the hardest-looking sofa in the most hideous parlor I ever saw." — *Harper's Bazar*.

"WHAT do you suppose will come after the chainless wheel?" asked the man in the bicycle store.

"Customers, I hope," was the dealer's reply. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

ORIENT \$550 CRUISE FEB. 5, 1898.

SS "ALLER" all shore excursions included. F. C. Clark, 111 B'way, N. Y.

They Play Golf all Winter

In California.

Bunkers of roses and hazards of orange blossoms.

Only 72 hours from Chicago, via The California Limited — Santa Fe Route.

Four days from Atlantic Coast Cities.

W. J. BLACK, G.P.A. C. A. HIGGINS, A.G.P.A.
Topeka, Kan. Chicago.

It is considered good luck to kill a white crow. It is also said to be good luck to kill eighteen or twenty rabbits, ten squirrels, a couple of deer, two dozen quails and a dozen or two partridges and pheasants. — *Norristown Herald*.

CRIMSONBEAK.

— That woman fortune-teller is a fraud.
YEAST. — What makes you think so?
"Why, she advertised that she would tell any one's age."
"Well?"
"She would n't tell her own." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

ALL a man has to do is to look sad, and he will have female sympathy to burn. — *Atchison Globe*.

MAUDE. — Is there any singular to the word bloomers?
KATE. — Yes; bloomers are always singular. — *Yale Record*.

SAME OLD SANTA CLAUS.

The efforts of a few clergymen in a certain denomination to extirpate Santa Claus from the minds of children have only succeeded in calling into prominence the hold the story has on the little ones. It is safe to say that Santa Claus will outlive any of us. The legend in one form or another is almost universal in civilized countries, and it is an accepted fact that a popular belief, whether in the minds of men or children, whether true or false, is hard to down.

The general practice of many advertisers in displaying a figure of Santa Claus in their Christmas announcements undoubtedly has its effect on children's minds. The ordinary child is not always careful to distinguish between an ideal and an actual portrait. It almost seems as if the slight opposition to the Santa Claus idea this year has brought out, more than ever, his dear old face; as one sees him portrayed everywhere in the magazines and newspapers. One very effective use of Santa Claus has been made by the Pears' Soap people. In a picture, surrounded by an appropriate border of holly leaves, Santa Claus is seen in the act of opening his bag. He has just emerged from the chimney, and finds, to his surprise, a wide-awake youngster sitting up in bed and saluting him with the now almost classic question:

"Good morning, Santy, have you used Pears' Soap?"

While great advertisers like the Pears' concern spend thousands of dollars in encouraging the cult of Santa Claus, it is seen that these clergymen are liable to meet with extensive disappointment.

The New York Central with its connections has three great through trains every day between New York and St. Louis, and four between New York and Cincinnati. This being the only line whose trains take you from the centre of either of the above cities and land you in the heart of the city of your destination.

No. 26
25c.
No. 26
25c.

Pickings from Puck

No. 26
25c.
No. 26
25c.



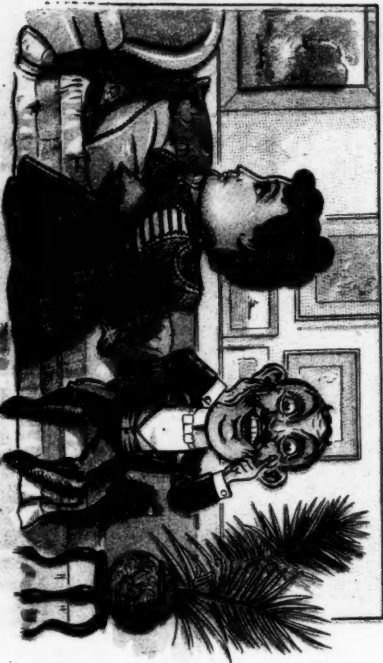
CHARLES HUSTLER.—Ye Gods! In spite of all I can do my rival will gain the girl! All is lost without I lay some successful plot to get rid of him. God of Love, help me!



"By Jove! A great scheme! He wants only wealth to be an absolute success with her. I will send him all sorts of literature pertaining to the golden harvest to be gained in the Klondike. He is easily enthused! He will go! He is too weak, physically, to stand such hardships! He will never return. Ha! Ha! Ha!"



CYRIL ST. CLAIR.—Ha! My mind is made up. All these papers can not be false. All the detrimental reports about the hardships and suffering necessary to reach the Klondike are gotten up by selfish people on the spot to keep others away from the golden store-house—just as this railroad paper says. I will go, win untold wealth, return and marry my fair Annabelle.



ANNABELLE.—Yes, Mr. Hustler, I feel very sad this evening. Mr. St. Clair has just left—he has started for the Klondike. I have promised him I will not marry for one year. Poor fellow! I am afraid he will never return; he is not strong enough to endure the hardships of such a rigorous climate.



CHARLES HUSTLER (*grinning*).—Oh! did not he take the bait? Well, I guess I shall wait for his return. Can I wait? I could wait a thousand years for such a peach as this! "And he never returned, he never returned, and his fate is still untold!" Hoop, lah! I win already!



DOUBLE DECK PETE (*to Cyril St. Clair, two days after his arrival at Dawson City*).—What! You got two thousand dollars in your clothes and you want to go on to the Klondike? You must be an idiot. Why, with all that money you can start one of the finest bar-rooms and gambling dens in this section of the country! You put up the money, I'll put up the experience, and we'll start to-morrow. You will? Good!



CYRIL ST. CLAIR (*eight months later*).—Well, Pete, it is time for me to get back East. Five hundred thousand is eight times as much as I need. I'll sell you my share in the establishment for half a million. You take me up? Good! Come, we will fix up the papers at once.



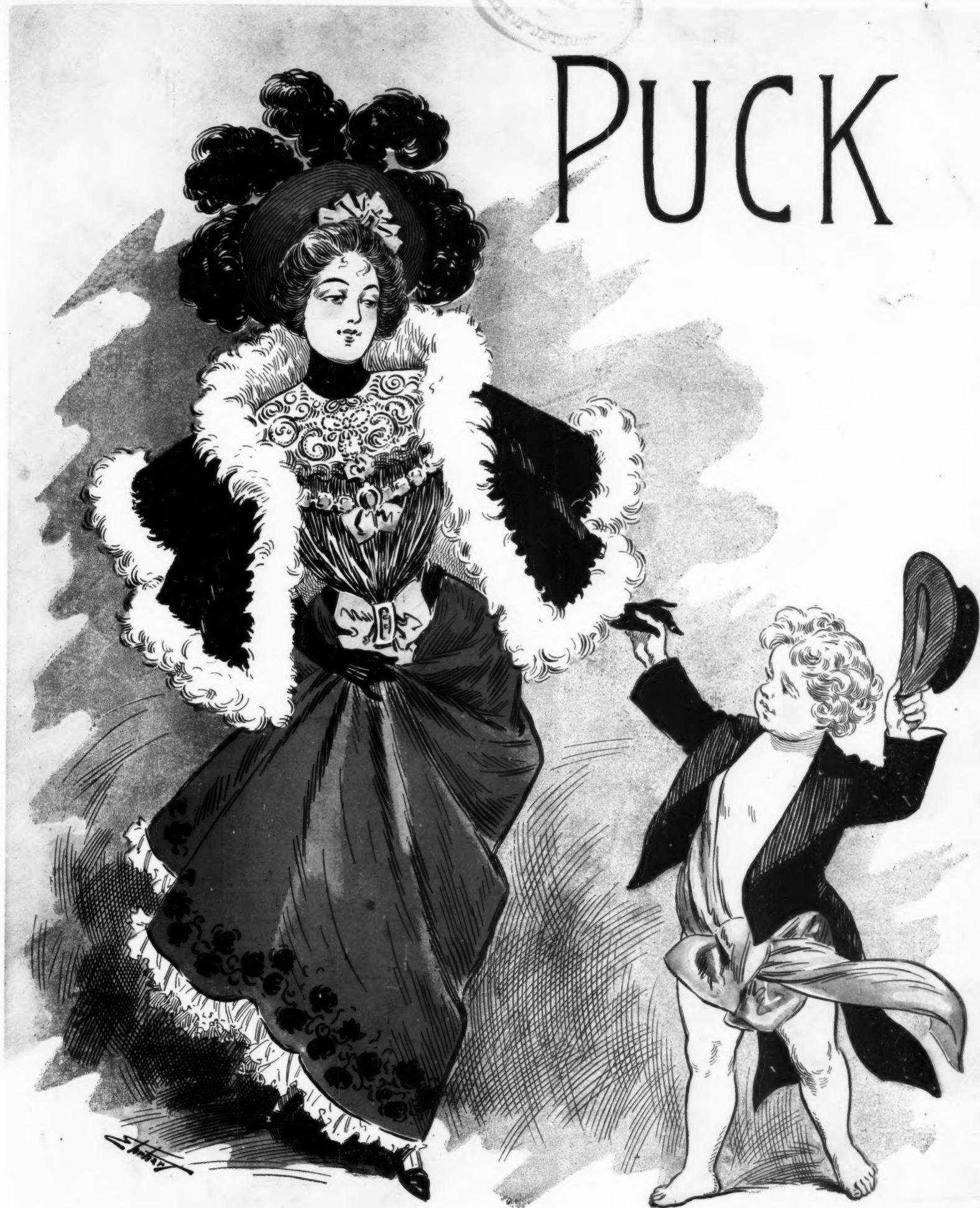
(*Mr. Annabelle's Parlor*).—"Ah! Annabelle, my own, my adored one! You little know the trials and sufferings I have had through in that far-off, frozen north, suffering a wealth for your sake. Say you love me—that you will be my wife! (*she does*).




(*At Mr. Hustler's unexpectedly enters the room*).—Well, upon my life, here is my old friend Hustler. Let me introduce you to my friend Cyril. He is a very rich man, and he has brought a cool million with me. Congratulations, old man!

A COOL SCHEME; A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

PUCK



NEW YEAR NUMBER




Pabst Malt Extract,
The "BEST" Tonic,
is recommended to build up
the convalescent, strengthen
the weak and overworked,
and produces sound, refresh-
ing sleep.
At Druggists.

Some idea may be formed of the
magnitude of the Pabst Brewing Co.,
manufacturers of

Pabst Malt Extract,
The "BEST" Tonic,
when the fact is known that this Com-
pany has paid in revenue taxes to the
Government of the United States, a
sum equivalent to the total salaries of
all the Presidents from George Wash-
ington to William McKinley, and in
addition, a sum sufficient to compen-
sate each President at \$50,000 per
year for the next 100 years.

Merit in the Pabst product has
made this possible.



**A CUP
THAT CHEERS**
and gratefully warms the system
after exposure to cold or damp-
ness is made with hot water and
a little of the genuine

**Liebig
COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef**



DON'T let Whisky get the best of you.
Get the **BEST** of Whisky, which is the
Genuine Distillery Bottling of

Old Pepper Whisky
.. AND OLD ..




Henry Clay Rye

Bottled and Distilled
ONLY by

JAS. E. PEPPER & CO.
LEXINGTON, KY.

Under the same Formula for more than
100 YEARS, is guaranteed absolutely
the **PUREST** and **BEST** in the World.

SAMPLE CASE, \$15.00.

 Sent on trial, which, if not satisfactory,
can be returned and money will be refunded.

Read and save the Coupons on Old Pepper Whisky and Old Henry Clay Rye, and see
who gets the \$5,500 in addition to the \$1.00 per dozen.

Many an ill
called by some long name
has at last been cured by
BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Keep your stomach, bowels and liver right
and you'll have little cause to spend money on
doctors. Millions have been cured by Beecham's Pills.
SO CAN YOU BE CURED.

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

ANNUAL SALES OVER 6,000,000 BOXES.

**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness,
Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness,
Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blisters
on the Skin, Cold Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful
Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN 20 MINUTES.

Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be a wonderful medicine.

They are

WITHOUT A RIVAL

for a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and all
Kindred Diseases.

Beecham's Pills,

taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health.
They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.